

The Historie

And our indentures tripartite are drawne,
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute:)
To morrow, coosen Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcelter, will fet forth
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his helpe these fouretee daies:
Within that space, you may haue drawn together
Your tenants, friends, & neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale, & take no leaue,
For there will be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinks, my moity North frō Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out:
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the sinug and siluer Trent shall run
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It shall not wind, with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Not wind: it shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke, how he beares his course, and runs me
vp, with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent, as much, as on the other side, it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this Northside, win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight, and euen.

Hot. He haue it so, a little charge will doe it.

Glen. He not haue it alfred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

of Henry the fourth.

Cl. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glen. I can speake English, Lord, as well as you,
For, I was traind vp in the English Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty, louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpefull ornament:
A vertue, that was neuer scene in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with all my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet-mongers:

I had rather heare a brasen cansticke turnd,

Or a drie wheele grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,

Nothing so much as minsing Poetry:
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come, you shall haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice so much land,
To any well deseruing friend:

But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:

Ile caull on the ninth part of a haire.

Are the Indentures drawne? shall we be gone?

Glen. The Moone shines faire, you may away by night:

Ile haste the writer, and withall,

Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,

I am afraid my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

Exit.

Mor. Fie, coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me

With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies:

And, of a Dragon and a finlesse fish,

A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulted rauens,

A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,

And such a deale of skimble skamble stuffe,

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,

He held me last night, at least, nine houres,

In reckoning vp the fenerall diuels names